

¶ Then they m^oth^r their v^ail
to heauen or f^r some relæf,
f^r men, helps not all:
but onely God to eke their th^rail.

¶ The whirling windes do tolle,
these mazed wights where it doth please:
Of goods they haue the losse,
and life sometime in foming seas.
Their mournful wiues at home remain:
to them (alas) what great pain.
Then hear their true and' ouing mate:
is thynde in seas by luckles fate,
Poore soules, they weep:
to see how care on them doth creep.
Euen now, they were glad:
and now so soon become so sad,

¶ But hee that bides at home,
doth little think their wretched woes:
On seas hee wil not come,
let them that list, f^r hee not goes.
Saith hee the proue b^r account:
that lastie all t^rings doth surmount,
Tis better liue in ponertie:
then venter f^rth so dangerously.
Therefore wil I, in house abide:
then danger cannot mee betide.

God is our
no hate

VIII

Fly fraud, hence

in Gods name we

Woe, woe, hap life:

as pleaseth God to stint.

God save our gracious Queen,
that doth a royall flat maintain.

Long time graunt her be seen,

our supream, to our greater gain,

She maintaines many a valiant hart:

who wish to dye before they start.

And God her many til preserue:

and we like Subjects her to serue.

And while we live:

good praise to noble Saylers giue.

And thus I pray:

to sheld vs all from dire decay.

Timidi nunquam statuerunt ad Tropheum

Finis. Antony Munday.

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Richard Ballard and are to be solde at
Saint Magnus corner.